

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 9

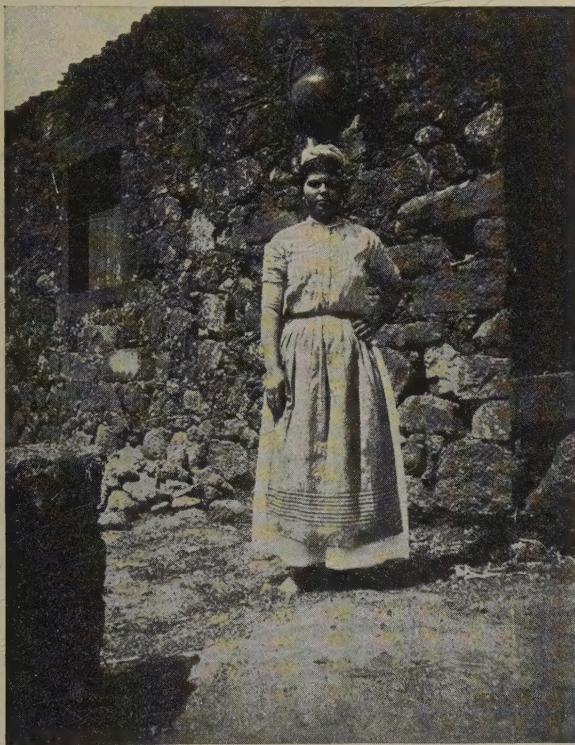
THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 2, 1917

Jacinto's Little Journey.

BY E. E. BROWN.

THINK of living in the crater of a volcano! Yet here Jacinto was born and here is the home that he loves. To be sure, this immense crater in the Valle das Furnas is now nearly extinct and looks



"Home and Mother."

just like a deep valley in the heart of the mountains, but all around Jacinto's curious little hut the ground bubbles up, still, with hot springs, and in one of them his mother always cooks the yams and potatoes for the family dinner.

Miles away to the south lies the city of Ponta Delgada, where many vessels stop on their way to and from Gibraltar, and Jacinto had a great longing to go there.

One morning when he was trudging up the long hill to the hotel, with his jars of goat's milk, he suddenly came upon a donkey tied to a stake under the shade of a large tree. Jacinto couldn't resist climbing up on the rough straw saddle—oh, if only the donkey was his own, how easily he could reach Ponta Delgada that very day! But he was a good, honest boy, and, giving the donkey a parting caress, he slipped off and was just starting on with his heavy jars when he heard a pitiful moan not far away.

"Somebody must be dreadfully hurt!" he said to himself, and, quickly turning back, he leaped over the wayside wall. There, half hidden by a clump of nespra trees, he found a boy about his own age who had met with a bad accident.

"Cutting off great bunch—nespras," he began to explain; "knife slipped—hit arm—big vein"—and then, with another moan, he fainted quite away.

Jacinto called loudly for help, but there was no one near enough to hear, so, hastily knotting the boy's handkerchief and his own together, he finally managed to stop the bleeding. Then, remembering there was a well near by, he took one of his empty milk gourds, filled it with water, and bathed the boy's head.

As soon as consciousness returned, the boy asked Jacinto if he had seen a donkey by the side of the road—a dark gray donkey with a white nose.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Jacinto, "a beautiful donkey! I saw him—he's all right, and waiting for you. I'll bring him here, and perhaps you can mount him and get up to the hotel. It's the nearest house, and you'll find a doctor there."

"But you go too," pleaded the boy, as Jacinto helped him up on the donkey's back. "My head is so dizzy I'll surely fall off unless you hold the bridle."

The doctor happened to be out on the piazza when the little procession jogged slowly up the hill, and very quickly he came to their assistance.

"It's good you found him, Jacinto, just when you did—it's a miracle he did not bleed to death!" he exclaimed as he skillfully dressed the ugly wounds.

"As it is, he has lost a great deal of blood. I shall have to take some stitches here on the arm, and he must keep quiet for a number of days."

"Oh! but how can I?" cried the boy who suddenly caught the doctor's last words. "I promised to take those nespras this very day to the English fruit steamer at Ponta Degada—it sails early to-morrow morning, and my uncle will be very angry if the fruit is not there on time."

Jacinto listened with sparkling eyes. "Couldn't I take those nespras to the city for you?" he exclaimed eagerly. "I know I could get there before night if I started right away."

"Why! if you could, that would be fine!" returned the boy. "The fruit is there on the ground where you found

me, and Pedro, the donkey, is a swift little fellow—but do you really want to go?"

"Indeed I do!" assured Jacinto, delighted beyond words at this sudden opportunity of seeing Ponta Delgada.

How like a dream it all seemed to him as with his load of nespras he mounted the donkey and started off for the city! Up, up the long steep road they climbed, till, reaching the very edge of the immense crater, Jacinto glanced back and saw the Valle das Furnas lying like a tiny toy village hundreds of feet below him.

And now, as the donkey began to scamper down on the other side, a sharp turn in the road suddenly gave a wide expanse of sparkling blue waters—Jacinto's first glimpse of the great ocean. He gazed in breathless awe and astonishment!—no wonder his big brother Antonio was so wild about it—no wonder he was saving all his money to sail away in one of those big steamers!

Spurring the donkey on, Jacinto soon began to see the towers and red-tiled roofs of Ponta Delgada, and close beside a Mediterranean liner he found the little fruit steamer. Its captain, the boy's uncle, was in a great state of excitement. The sight of the nespras somewhat pacified him. "But where is Manuel?" he exclaimed impatiently. "It's nearly sundown—he ought to have been here hours ago!"

And then Jacinto told him all about the accident and what the doctor said.

"Well, well! That changes matters, to be sure!" returned the uncle, in a gentler tone. "I warned Manuel about that knife, but I'm afraid he was very careless. You were a good boy to help him and to come so quickly with the fruit. I shall pay you well for it. We sail very early to-morrow morning and I was planning to have Manuel go to England with me, but now he will have to wait till another time. Take the donkey to the little house over yonder where Manuel's mother lives, and tell her all about the accident."



"Jacinto could not resist climbing up on the rough straw saddle."

dent—she was getting very anxious. Then come back and help me pack the fruit. It's too late now to go back to the Furnas, but here's Manuel's bunk—you'd better turn in there to-night."

Jacintho quickly obeyed the captain, but everything was so new and strange to him that it seemed, all the time, as if he must be dreaming.

Next morning, however, when the noise of machinery and the creaking of ropes suddenly roused the tired boy, he found himself very much awake, for the vessel had already started and was fast steaming out of the harbor.

"Hullo!—a stowaway!" cried the sailors when they saw Jacintho's frightened face peering out of the bunk.

"Dear me! I forgot all about that boy!" exclaimed the captain. "He's no stowaway. I told him to sleep there in Manuel's bunk, but I meant to have started him off to the Furnas first thing this morning before we sailed. One of you sailors now will have to row him back to the shore. Or—look here, boy!—what do you say to going on to England with us? Why not take Manuel's place and work your passage over, just as he was going to do?"

Now if any one had told Jacintho twenty-four hours before that this wonderful opportunity to sail on the great ocean and to see the world was to be his, he would have jumped for joy. But already he was so homesick that his only response was a half-stifled sob. To see again his own little hut by the boiling springs, to feel his mother's loving arms around him once more, seemed now to Jacintho the most desirable of all things on earth. And when the rough but kind-hearted captain really understood, the boy was quickly sent ashore.

The busy wharves, the crowded marketplace, the many attractions of Ponta Delgada, no longer had any charm for Jacintho. He could hardly wait to mount again Manuel's donkey and speed away to the Valle das Furnas. After all, there was no place on earth to be compared with *home!*

Sharing.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"**S**HE hasn't any right to be playing there," Louise said crossly. "That's our own particular play place, and that lot belongs to father, too."

"But perhaps she doesn't know that."

"Then some one ought to tell her."

"But she doesn't play there at the same time that you do, so I don't see what hurt it does. And she has made a very nice little playhouse in the clump of trees."

"I don't care. I shall tell her this afternoon that father owns that lot and she can't play there."

"This afternoon? I thought perhaps I could take you to the park this afternoon."

Louise clapped her hands. "Oh—I'd love to go to the park!" she cried. "What time can we start?"

"Right away, if you are ready," her mother replied, removing her apron.

When they arrived at the park Louise went to see the deer and the baby elk and the monkeys, and finally they stopped before the huge canary cage, as large as a small house.

"Let's sit down here," Mrs. Cowell suggested. "I saw something very interesting in that cage the other day."

"Oh—what was it?"

"Wait and see if you can see it for yourself."

They sat still for a long while, Louise watching the bright yellow birds as they flew back and forth within the screened walls or perched on a limb and sang. Suddenly she noticed something on the earthen floor of the aviary. She clutched her mother's arm.

"Oh, see that tiny mouse," she whispered. "Isn't he fat and sleek and cunning?"

"He's eating what the birds drop from their feeding trays," her mother said. "I wonder why they do not drive him away."

"But he's so cute—and the birds have plenty more. See how tame he is, mother—why, I can talk right out loud."

"He's quite bold!" Mrs. Cowell exclaimed in a tone of disapproval. "I should think the birds would chase him away—it's their cage, you know, and their seeds. The idea of letting an intruder and a stranger live in there that way—for he does live there—you can see his hole in the corner of the floor."

Louise looked puzzled. "Why, you talk so funny," she said, then with a little gasp her face reddened. And the longer she looked at the little fat mouse and the yellow canaries the redder it became. When mother took her home on the car her face was still a little red.

"I'm going over and ask the new little girl to play with me in our lot," she said with downcast eyes as she changed to her play-dress.

"I'm glad," answered her mother, giving her a little hug; "I'd hate to think my little girl was less generous than a flock of yellow-winged canary birds."

The Longest Days.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

A CHRISTMAS PLAYLET FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN.

(They enter singing, to tune of "Jesus loves me, this I know.")

CHILDREN (enter singing):

Loving gifts that come and go,
Holly gay and mistletoe;
Shouts of merry, childish glee,
Stockings waiting wistfully.

Chorus:

Hail, merry Christmas! Oh, merry Christmas!
Hail, merry Christmas—the gladdest day of all!

SMALLEST GIRL:

Will Santa ever come, please tell?

ALL:

That's what we'd like to know right well!

SMALLEST BOY:

Oh, doesn't time just simply lag—
And every single minute drag?

The grown-ups say—and they should know—
The shortest days are here! Oh, no! (Shakes head.)

They can't tell such a tale to me;
The days are longer—yes, sir-ee!

Girls:

And school! How can we study, pray,
When every lesson goes this way:

(All sit in semicircle, frowning, and pretending to study and write.)

Girls:

How many feet are in a yard?
We're trying, oh, so very hard,
To think of lessons—but, oh dear!
The problems look and act so queer!

How much are six times eight? Oh, my!

If we were smaller—we would cry!

But oh, another week must pass—

And we can't fail before the class!

Now think our best—and try again.

Three—feet—are in a yard. And then—

Six—eights—are forty-eight. You see

We've most forgot that Christmas tree!

(A bell rings outside. The children, excited, whisper and listen. Enter the Toyman.)

TOYMAN:

Oh, come, little children with eager, bright eyes,
Come feast on my treasures with gleeful surprise!

Demure laughing lassies, and frolicsome boys—I bid you make haste to the Shop of the Toys.

Dishes dainty, flowered with blue,

Dollies dear that yearn for you,

Furniture and playhouse too;

Balls to bounce and horns to blow,

Soldiers ready in a row,

Drums to beat and trains to go!

Everything wonderful, tempting and gay,

To give you a beautiful Christmas Day.

Come, choose of my treasures, and share in my joys;

A warm welcome waits at the Shop of the Toys.

CHILDREN:

We're coming, Mr. Toyman—soon—

Perhaps this very afternoon. (Exit Toyman, ringing his bell.)

(A woman's voice calls outside.)

VOICE:

Children, come! there's work for you—

Many things that you can do;

Christmas tasks for great and small,

Christmas fun for one and all!

Boys (eagerly):

It's mother calling! Haste away!

Perhaps the time won't drag to-day!

GIRLS (joyfully):

We'll wreath the holly! Trim the tree!

Oh, who will be so gay as we?

ALL (singing to same tune as on entering, as they exit):

Twinkling stars and tinkling bells,

Children's caroling that swells;

Hearts aglow with cheer and mirth—

Christmas comes to bless the earth!

Chorus:

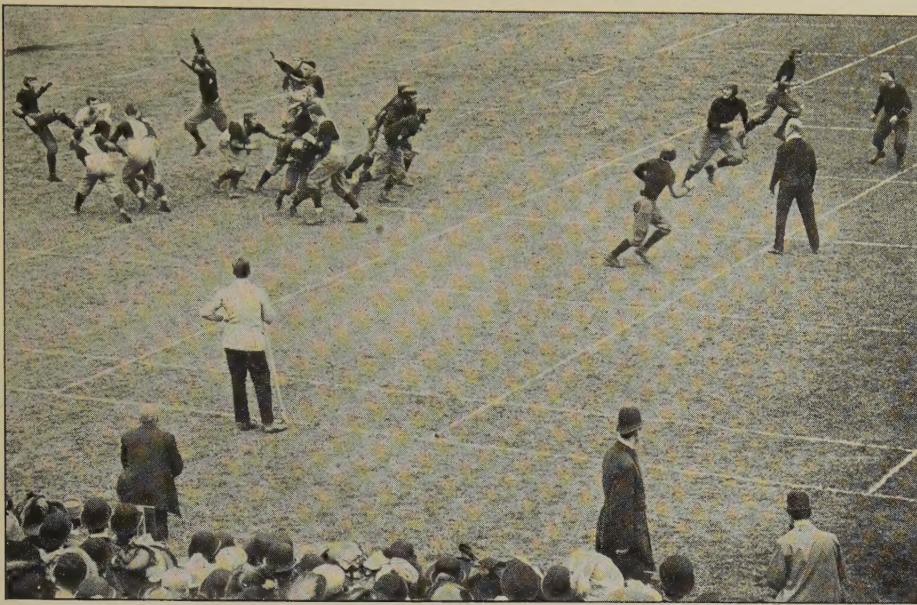
Hail, merry Christmas! Oh, merry Christmas!

Hail, merry Christmas—the gladdest day of all!

Fun.

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl to-morrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper. Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said wisely: "Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."

Five-year-old Herbert, scion of a bookish family, had learned to read so early and so readily that his first glimpses of story-land were growing hazy in his memory. One day he confided to his mother: "Ruthie showed me her new book to-day, and it's the queerest thing you ever saw! Why, it just says, 'Is it a dog? It is a dog. Can the dog run?' and a lot of things like that! 'Course I was too polite to say so, but it didn't seem to me the style was a bit juicy."



When the Crisis Came.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

In Two Parts. Part II.

RUSHING onto the field, Fred spoke to the official and gave Jed the coach's order. Jed, his face wet with perspiration and looking tired out, stared at Fred, then spoke to his team, and they walked off, drooping. They knew what was wrong, though the crowd watched his astonishment.

The next thing Fred knew, his second team was lined up against the dark Hopeton team—right on his own three-yard line! Coming to himself, he cheered his men on. A whistle blew. He saw his line surge up in the air and settle.

"Second down!" the referee shouted—and two yards to go!

Again the lines met and struggled and settled.

"Third down!"—and one yard to go!

No longer nervous, thrilling with the battle, Fred cheered the players before him; and the hours they had worked together seemed to count.

Once more a dark figure forged through the blue line, and Fred stopped him short—sharp—with a clean tackle.

"Fourth down!"—six inches! The last chance!

The keen-eyed little Hopeton quarterback looked a bit dazed; then Fred's heart sank. Straight at slow, good-natured, frightened Myers the little quarterback shot his play, on the other side of the line beyond Fred. Over the line went the white-armed figure. Hopeton had its six points.

Fred set his teeth, told the referee that his team would receive the ball; and as the smiling, gray Hopeton team went skipping with joy to the kick-off line, Fred called his team together.

"Think, fellows, what this means to the coach, to Mr. Burton, the girls, the rest of the fellows; and remember, if we win this, we get our letters! We're going to get a touchdown! We're going over that line down there! See?"

They muttered something under their breaths and scattered to their positions.

"Gee, I'm afraid, chummy," Tim said.

In astonishment Fred looked over at Tim where he stood before the goal posts; then Fred grinned—in the stocky Irish lad's eyes

was a light that is the light of battle! Tim afraid! That was a good one.

A moment later—plunk!—and the ball came sailing down to Fred. He caught it and started. In front of him Tim put two Hopeton players out of the way; Fred dodged two more; then he was pulled down. The referee called the down. He had gone only fifteen yards.

Joe Barker, the second team quarterback, had spent hours studying the strategy of the game; and the long hours began to count. Swirling around the end behind Tim and Stewart, Fred carried the ball for eight yards; Tim, darting into the Hopeton line on a delayed play, made the two yards necessary to the ten. Then they began to forge up the field.

Faintly Fred heard the wild cheers from the Thornton side. Faintly he heard the Hopeton captain urging his men to stiffen their defense. The white lines passed under their feet.

Thirty yards more! And the precious minutes were going!

Suddenly, sharply, something went wrong on a play. Fred, heading the interference, looked back. Tim had been tackled behind the line. It happened again. Fred knew he must find the trouble. He did not go into the next play—and he found the trouble. Straight through slow Myers a dark Hopeton player, just sent into the game, was charging and tackling behind the line. Fred had often thought that Myers was in danger of being cowardly; and now the time had come. Facing an aggressive player, fearless, courageous, Myers had weakened.

As the teams were taking their positions after the play, Fred caught Myers' arm and said softly, "Jimmie, are you a coward?"

A slow line of white crept around Myers' jaw, and the blood went from his face.

"Show me, Jimmie, old chap! We've got eight yards to make or we lose the ball, and we're going to go through your position!"

The fat body crouched in its position; and instantly, it seemed to Fred, the fellow who had been laughed at so much on the field looked dangerous. Something in the set of

his large legs, the broad back, looked like business!

The signal was given. Tim took the ball, and Fred, putting the incharging end out of the way, saw at the same time a great hole yawned in front of Myers through the dark Hopeton line; and Tim with a yell shot through, wriggling and dodging along yard after yard!

"First down!" the referee called, an odd smile in his eyes as he looked at Fred.

Myers looked back over his shoulder. "Try it again!" he said grimly.

Fred hesitated. It was far from wise, but—he nodded to Barker, whose shrill voice snapped the signal, and again Tim, his red hair sticking straight up like a plume, went diving along behind Myers' broad back.

Suddenly, the Hopeton coach began to send in players—fresh men from the sidelines. Fred was puzzled—then he understood.

"They're tired out, fellows! Here we go!" he shouted to his men, and laughter came back from them. Victory was in sight.

Fifteen yards—ten—and five—then four—and then—Hopeton made its last stand.

Fred failed to go that precious four yards or to cut it down; Tim fought his way up to the two-yard mark; Barker failed to gain—only one chance more!

Anxious, yet determined, Fred and his backfield men talked a moment together. Tim's doubt showed in his eyes, and Barker was pale with question as to what play to use.

Half turning, Fred happened to catch Myers' face. It was a strange face—on it was anxiety, anger, pleading, and hope mixed.

Once more then—for defeat or victory, and the championship of the league, they would let Myers open the hole through which Tim would dart for a touchdown; if he failed—it was all over.

The teams crouched in the last supreme effort. The lines swept into each other. Fred, putting the Hopeton end out of the way, saw Myers' body charge and sweep back the two Hopeton players who had been playing him; he heard Myers' high-pitched cry—"Follow me, Tim!" And over the line shot the darting Tim for the touchdown!

Cheering, laughing, with tears almost coming to his eyes, Fred heard the roar after roar of Thornton cheers echo and re-echo over the field. He saw his worn and battered team grasp each others' hands. Then he remembered something.

The game was not won. Hopeton had scored six points, but had failed to kick the goal, thereby losing a point. He must do it or the game would be a tie with the score 6-6.

Suddenly he remembered slight Ben Arkley, too frail to play, but always happy if he could play a little on the second team, always practicing kicking goals in hopes he might be wanted sometime. He was wanted now.

Fred motioned to the bench and shouted—"Ben!"

A slight figure dashed out and came up to Fred. Ben's pale face was shining. "Me, Fred, me?" he gasped.

Fred smiled. "Sure! Coach always makes us run the game on the field, you know. It's up to you."

It was all done very quickly. Tim held the ball for the frail Arkley. Lovingly almost Ben fingered the ball, getting it set just right in Tim's hands. Many the time, many the hour Ben had practiced with any one who would help him, down in the deserted corner



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.,
24 Maxfield Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Parish Church at West Roxbury. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Wade. Our minister is Mr. Arnold.

Last Christmas we did not have Christmas presents at Sunday school. We gave our money for children who cannot have as many good things as we have.

I belong to the Lend-a-Hand Club. About every year we give a play. Last year we gave "How Boots Befooled the King," and the year before we had a number of different things.

I am sending the twisted names of towns in Massachusetts.

Your loving friend,
ANNE BAKER.
(Age 10 years.)

PASSAIC, N.J.,
264 Sherman Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am glad it is so easy to get in the Beacon Club. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school of Passaic. I have solved many a puzzle on the back page.

Your intimate friend,
HENRY CASTRICUM.

of the field when the other players were practicing—a little lonely figure most of the time.

Satisfied with the way Tim was holding the ball, Ben drew back. The great crowd was silent; all hinged on the result of Ben's attempt.

Ben started forward; on the still air sounded a hard plunk! and true and steady in a beautiful arc the ball sailed over the goal posts for the one point that meant victory to Thornton High; not only victory, however, as Fred learned in that wonderful hour after the game.

First the coach came up to him and shook hands with him. Coach Stanley said little, but Fred guessed how happy he was. Then Myers came, worn, weary, battered, and bruised. All Myers said was: "Fred, when you asked me if I was a coward, something seemed to break in me. It was funny. It stirred me up—took the scare out of me; and it's never coming back!" And Fred, looking in Jimmie's blue eyes, knew that the "scare" would not.

The last was Jed. He was sober and a bit sad. "Fred, it was great—what you and the fellows did. We deserved what the coach did. I can see that it certainly does pay to train. I'm going to the coach and tell him I'm sorry for the way we spoiled things. You and your team saved us."

Outside the door of the "gym" a slight figure appeared from the dusk, and Fred saw it was Ben Arkley.

"Just wanted to say, Fred, that—that I'm mighty grateful to you for giving me that chance, when you could have done the thing yourself," said Ben, in his shy, hesitating way; and then he disappeared.

As Fred went on thinking over the day's experiences, he thought that it did pay, after all, to be faithful in doing what seems to have no promise of reward; for some time

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.,
1712 Anacapa Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Santa Barbara, where I get *The Beacon*. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I have a little sister four and a half years old, who is the youngest in Sunday school, and she would like to be a member of the Club, too.

Yours sincerely,
RUSSELL C. AHRNKE.

CLINTON, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I enjoy it very much, and would like to belong to the Beacon Club, and wear a pin. Our minister's name is Mr. Duncan, and my Sunday school teacher is Miss Scott. I am ten years old.

Yours truly,
HENRY GUTMANN.

GENESEO, ILL.
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school.

I am seven years old.
Our minister's name is Mr. McKinney.
I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
DORIS MORROW.

the great opportunity may come when the hard work, patience, and faithfulness to duty enable one to meet the crisis.

Sunday School News.

FROM All Souls' Church, Lincoln, Neb., comes the report of "a much better Sunday school than formerly." This improvement is attributed in large part to a new plan which is being used there. The University students and other young people meet after church and take turns in leading their meeting. The Sunday school meets at 10 A.M., and at 10.45 the children and teachers march into the church, singing "God Speed the Right." The children join in the service (the boys forming the choir) until just before the sermon, when they march out, singing. Then the kindergarteners are cared for by a teacher and the other children who have to wait for parents are read to by a guardian.

At "Unity Institute"—the name taken by the school of Unity Church, Montclair, N.J., of which Miss Mary Lawrence now has charge—a "Council of Fifteen" has been formed for the purpose of teaching the young people how they may serve their fellow-beings. These boys and girls are taken from among the more responsible members of the school, and substitutes are drawn from a waiting-list. The Council discusses ways and means of serving others, and suggests the program of recreation for the school, passing on these suggestions in the form of recommendations.

The children of this school are also working for the relief of children in Europe. The first sum of \$50 which the children raise is to be given through the Children of America's Army of Relief to the Armenian sufferers. They also hope to adopt a French orphan.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 9, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 10, 11, 2, 5, is to ask a person if he wants this or that.

My 12, 13, 6, 7, means a true thing.
My 1, 9, 3, 13, is the past participle of to go.
My whole is a distinguished man who has recently visited America.

CAROLINE SALTONSTALL.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 4, 6, is a verb.
My 5, 6, 7, is what you do in a row-boat.
My 4, 5, 3, 8, 13, is what sometimes happens to people in boats.

My 1, 12, 3, 4, is used on the hearth.
My 9, 11, is a verb that shows being.
My 12, 13, is a preposition.
My whole is a well-known American.

HARRIET SALTONSTALL.

SCRAMBLED AND SPICED.

1. Arrange ten of these eleven letters to form a word that indicates the way in which you begin to solve this puzzle: t i l a r y e p p x e.

2. Arrange nine of these ten letters to find a friend: e m n n i o o a p c.

Selected.

CHARADE.

If a goal is reached by brain, or brawn

The one who runs doth first.

Sometimes to gain his evil ends

A thief my whole doth burst.

My second deftly moulded,

By the thrifty, neat housewife,

Then raised, and in an oven cooked,

Becomes the "staff of life."

Scattered Seeds.

SQUARE WORD.

- Means boy.
- A swift, timid animal.
- Weapons.
- A plague, a torment.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA XIV.—Liberty Loan Bond.

ENIGMA XV.—Good Housekeeping.

TWISTED GIRLS' NAMES.—1. Virginia. 2. Catherine. 3. Barbara. 4. Esther. 5. Elizabeth. 6. Dorothy. 7. Marjorie. 8. Muriel. 9. Emily. 10. Eleanor.

REBUSES.—1. Anemone is between the two paths.
2. Tom is in bed with nothing over him.

TWISTED TREES.—1. Maple. 2. Rosewood. 3. Birch. 4. Elm. 5. Cypress. 6. Poplar. 7. Redwood. 8. Mahogany. 9. Oak. 10. Palm.

REARRANGEMENTS.—1. Wander, warden, we darn, war Ned.
2. Myra, army.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.

25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York

105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON